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Time

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Chapter 1 by PuppyLover

Time is a wonderful thing, but what happens when we know we are about to lose it?

Lost, I knew I would be. Again I looked at the time in only a matter of 12 minutes I didn't know what would happen. Suddenly, a bell tolled 12 times. That meant it was 12 o-clock, this couldn't be. My watch was lacking behind 12 minutes.

Chapter 2 by Jason Williams

My confidence wasn't great, it never is for someone embarking on something like this. But this is really not good. I thought I had those few extra minutes to prepare, not that I really know what I'm preparing for. I've heard stories, horrible tales of what happens to those who aren't prepared.

How could this have happened? This is supposed to be my defining moment. My moment in the sun, the fulfillment of my preordained destiny. I'm not supposed to be a tragic hero, I'm supposed to be a Savior.

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tears would be worth it. But they don't tell you to get up for class. They don't tell you that you've put your shirt on backwards. They don't tell you to take lunch money.

In other words, they don't tell you the important things.

I felt a drop of water land on my head. Looking up, I saw a thick blanket of dark clouds shrouding the sky.

Great. It was raining. I checked the train schedule. Due to weather conditions, the next train would be delayed for another twenty minutes. As if this day could get any worse. I groaned, moving to take a seat underneath one of the sheltered benches away from the rain. At least, until an old lady walked towards me, very slowly, looking me up and down expectantly.

"Well, young lady? Move. Respect your elders."

Her hand shook on her cane. She was probably, most likely, definitely a dinosaur. I got up and grit my teeth, smiling. "Of course, miss."

One burden of being the savior was being the pillar of the community. Cool psychic powers aside, it was expected that I uphold only the highest of morals and spoke politely. I was never to curse, to speak wrong of another, or commit a crime. Essentially, I had to be perfect. Even if it meant getting soaked in the rain. It was the reason why I couldn't just teleport to class like I wanted to— no. My powers were for helping others only, my trainers said.

I rolled my eyes before focusing my mind, concentrating my energy, repeating the same mantra in my mind: I want to go to class. I want to go to class. I want to go to class.

A loud clap echoed around me, and I opened my eyes. I was at the entrance of my school. Grinning, I took my first steps into a new life of normalcy.

My trainers can kiss my butt.

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"Hey biotch," said a girl who looked way too preppy for anyone to handle. She was like the stereotype of all stereotypes, "Wanna sit with us at lunch?" She was targeting me because I would gain her more popularity. Ugh, not happening.

"Uh, no, sorry," I closed my locker and walked away. Another girl fell into step next to me.

"Cool beans. Loved the walk away from the most popular girl in school. That's the best thing I've seen in the past 3 years, and I saw Peter Penton poop his pants over a fire drill," She had dyed her hair blood red and wore a black lace choker. Her hair was wavy and of medium length to just past her shoulders. She wore a black tank top, red plaid button down, black ripped skinned jeans, and red converse. Not a single dot of makeup could be found on her face. This was definitely my type of friend group.

"Popular girls just ain't my type," I concluded.

"I'm Alivia, basically Olivia with and A," She held out her hand.

"Sophie," I replied, taking her hand and shaking it in greeting. My first day and I already found an amazing friend!

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